

# COWBOY

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

# WESTERN

## COMICS

No. 20  
F.P.I.

10¢



JESSE JAMES

Takes the  
Posse for a Ride



ANNIE OAKLEY

Shoots  
At the Last Rope



WILD  
BILL HICKOK





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# COWBOY

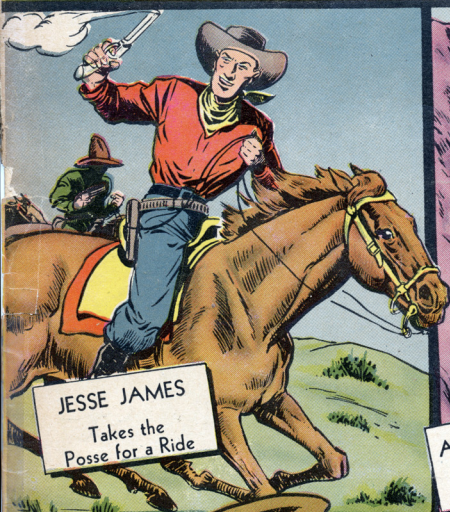
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# "WILD" BILL ELLIOTT



MARIO DEMARCO

**DENNIS MORGAN**

HAS BEEN AN  
ATHLETE AT HIGH  
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE



MR. ACTION  
IN PERSON

AND MIXED ACTING AND  
LUMBERING WITH SEMI-  
PRO BASEBALL IN THE  
NORTHERN WISCONSIN  
LEAGUE.

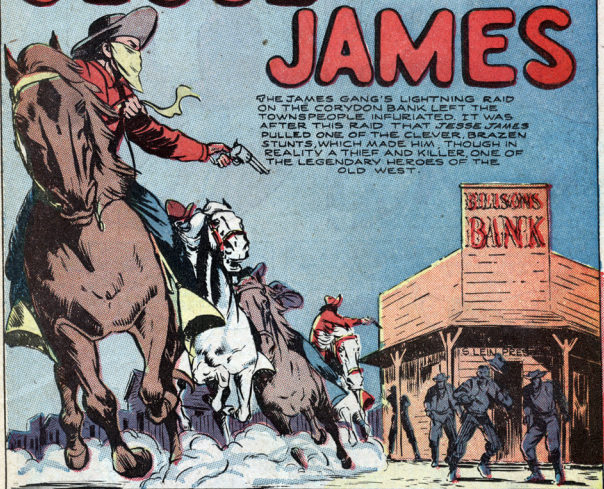


AT SIXTEEN  
RIDING **BILL WON**  
EVENT IN  
K.C. STOCK SHOWS. **HE IS**  
IN NATIONWIDE DEMAND  
AS STOCK AND RODEO JUDGE



# JESSE JAMES

THE JAMES GANG'S LIGHTNING RAID ON THE CORYDON BANK LEFT THE TOWNSPEOPLE INFURIATED. IT WAS AFTER THIS RAID THAT JESSE JAMES PULLED ONE OF THE CLEVER, BRAZEN STUNTS, WHICH MADE HIM, THOUGH IN REALITY A THIEF AND KILLER, ONE OF THE LEGENDARY HEROES OF THE OLD WEST.



GET THEM ROBBERS! THEY'RE THE JAMES BOYS!

ROUND UP A POSSE!

COME ON! LET'S GO AFTER 'EM. WE'LL CATCH THEM IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!

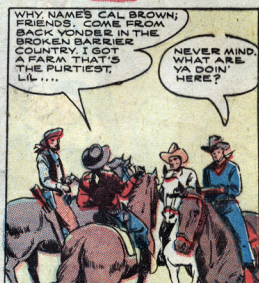
ALL RIGHT, BOYS. TIME TO SPLIT UP. SEE YA ALL BACK AT THE CAVE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.

RIGHT, JESSE! LET'S GO!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS. BE SEEN' YA!





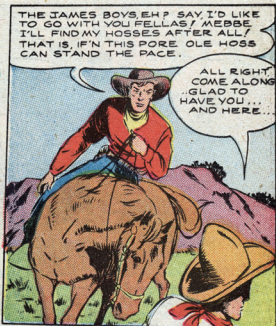






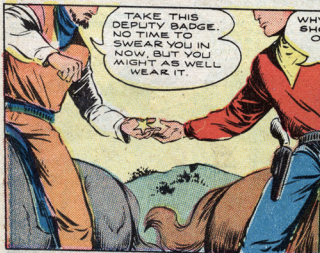
WAL, IT WAS RIGHT NEAR HERE, BUT IF THEY TRAVELED ATNIGHT, I'D RECK ON THEY WAS SOME TWENTY MILE ALONG BY NOW.

LET'S KEEP AFTER THEM!



THE JAMES BOYS, EH? SAY, I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU FELLAS! MEBBE I'LL FIND MY HOSSES AFTER ALL! THAT IS, IFN THIS PORE OLE HOSS CAN STAND THE PACE.

ALL RIGHT, COME ALONG... GLAD TO HAVE YOU... AND HERE...



TAKE THIS DEPUTY BADGE. NO TIME TO SWEAR YOU IN NOW, BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL WEAR IT.

WHY, THANKS. SHORE AM OBLIGED.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

YOU BOYS DON'T MIND IF I SEE WHETHER THIS RAILROAD SHACKS GOT A MITE OF WATER FOR MY HOSS, DO YA? HE'S ABOUT DONE FOR.

ALL RIGHT, BUT LET'S MAKE IT FAST.



GOT ANY WATER ROUND HERE, POP?

RECKON SO, SON. YOU FELLAS HUNTING SOMEBODY?

WE'RE AFTER JESSE JAMES AND HIS MEN, POP, SO HURRY UP, WILL YOU?



WHEEWW! DID YOU SAY THE JAMES BOYS WERE AROUND THIS SECTION HERE? SAY, THAT PUTS ME IN A BAD SPOT!



BECAUSE, THE GUARD RIDIN' WITH ME, TOOK SICK AN' WE HAD TO DROP HIM AT THE LAST TOWN, AN' I'M CARRYIN' A SACK FULL OF GREENBACKS FROM THE EAST.

THAT'S TOO BAD, POP, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO...

SAY, I GOT A REAL FINE IDEA. MY HOSS IS ABOUT THROUGH, SO...

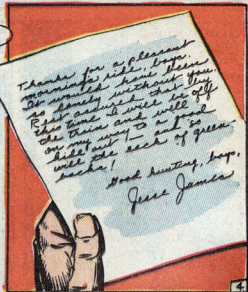
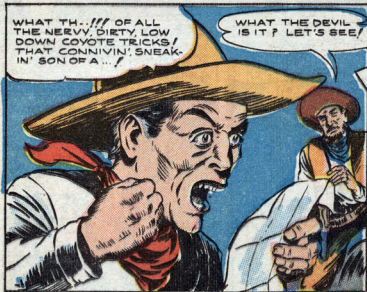




AND THAT WAS THE LAST THE POSSE-MEN SAW OF "CAL BROWN."



BUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, AS THEY RETURNED, WEARY AND EMPTY HANDED....





# DENVER MUDD

AND

## BUSHEY BARNES

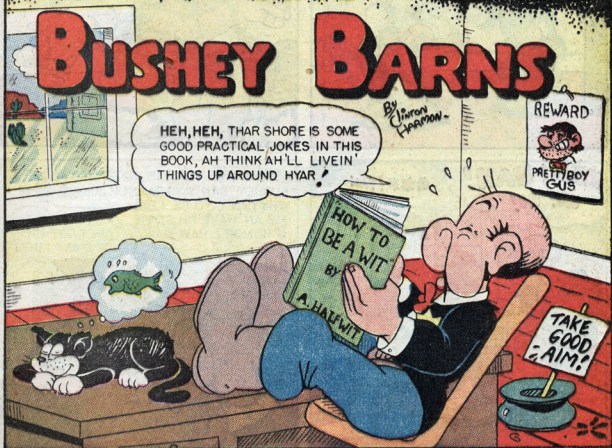
HEH, HEH, THAR SHORE IS SOME GOOD PRACTICAL JOKES IN THIS BOOK, AH THINK AH'LL LIVEIN' THINGS UP AROUND HYAR!

By  
Chirron  
Harron-

REWARD

PRETTY BOY  
GUS

TAKE  
GOOD  
-AIM!



OH BOY, HYAR'S UH  
WOW! AH'LL PULL IT  
ON BUSHEY!

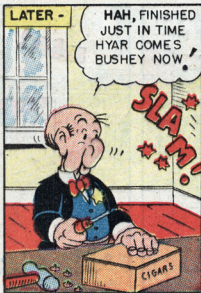
SNAP!



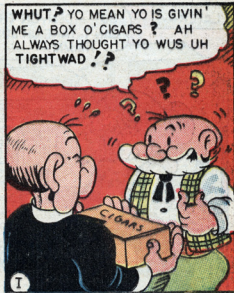
LATER -

HAH, FINISHED  
JUST IN TIME  
HYAR COMES  
BUSHEY NOW!

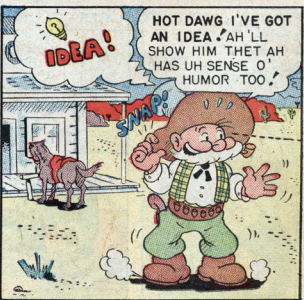
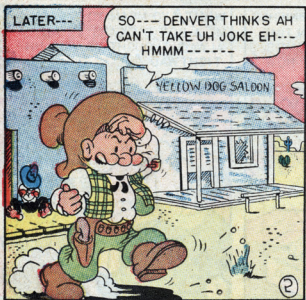
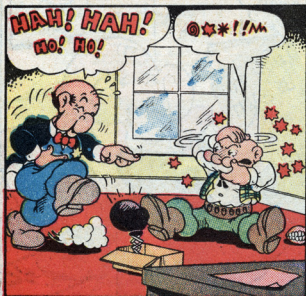
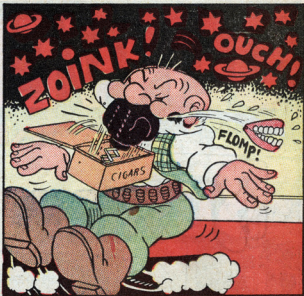
SLAM!



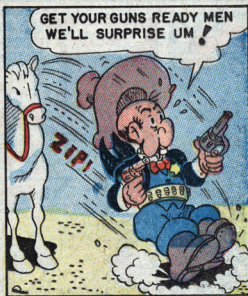
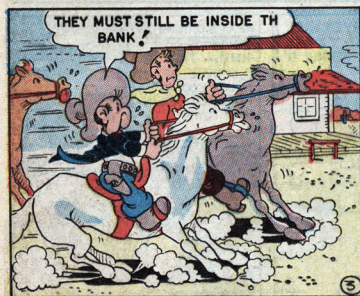
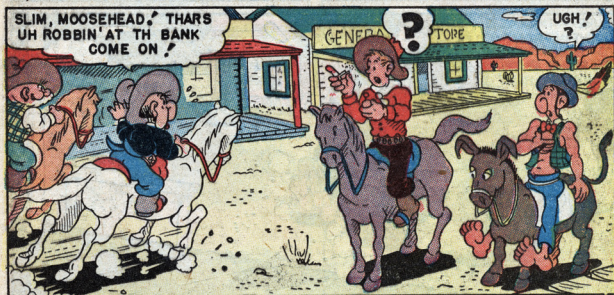
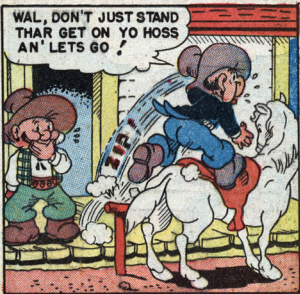
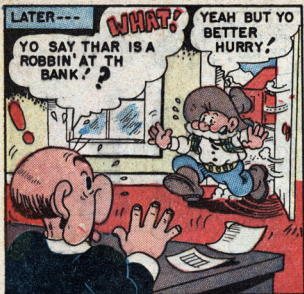
WHUT? YO MEAN YO IS GIVIN'  
ME A BOX O' CIGARS? AH  
ALWAYS THOUGHT YO WUS UH  
TIGHTWAD!?



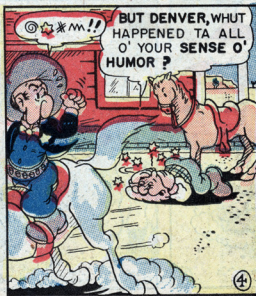
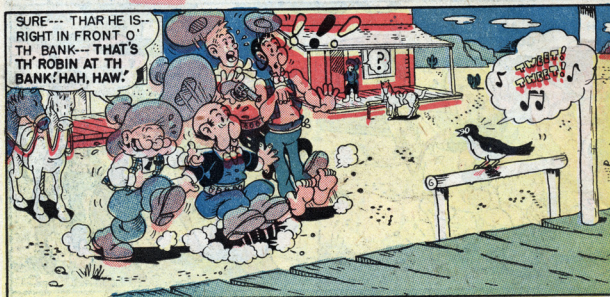
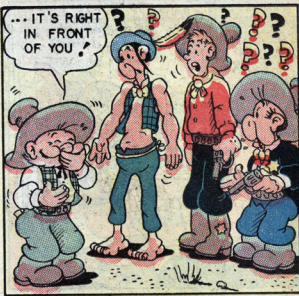
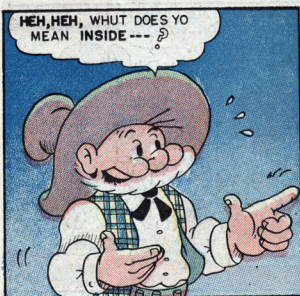




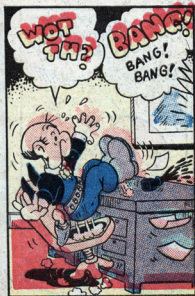
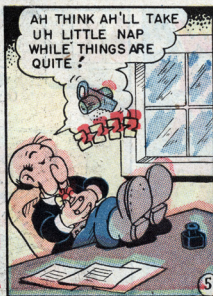
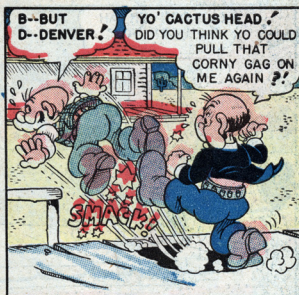
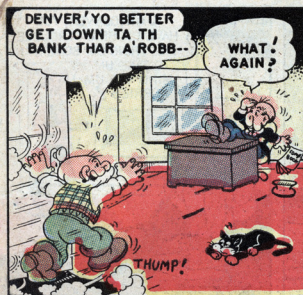
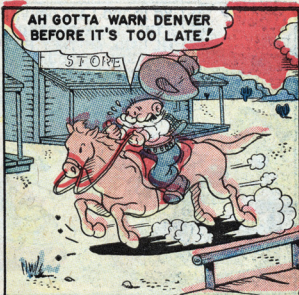










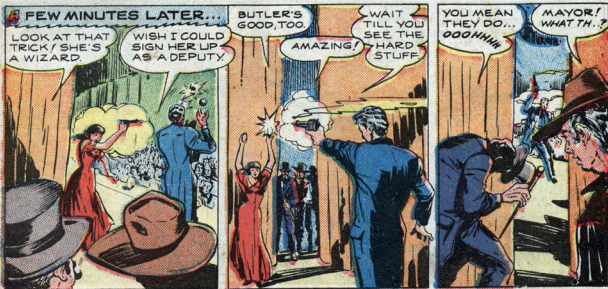


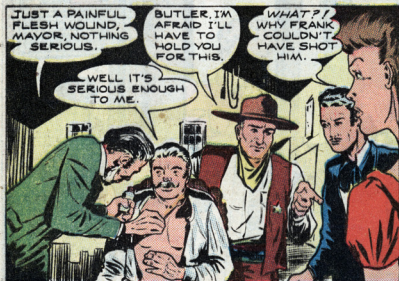
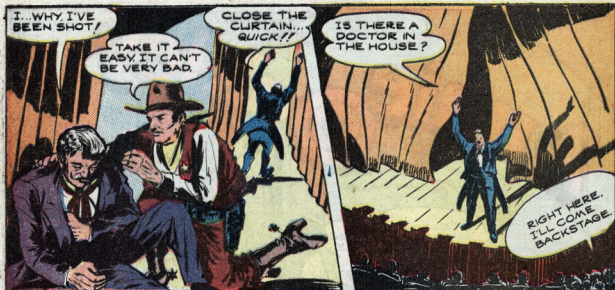




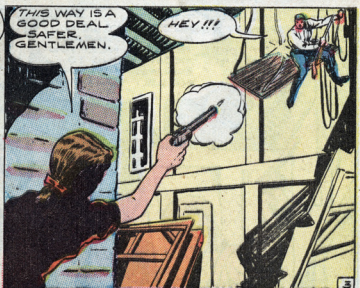
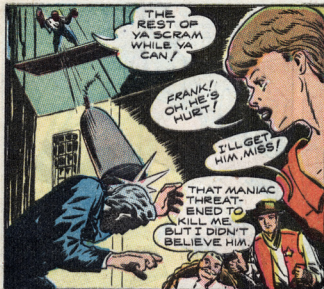


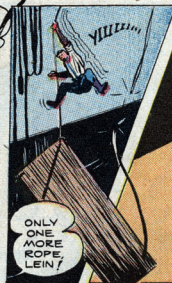
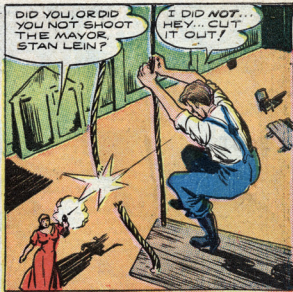
# Annie Oakley













# Cowboy Clothes

WHAT THEY WEAR..... THEIR USES

## BOOTS



A HIGH HEEL BOOT IS THE PRIZE POSSESSION OF THE COWBOY. IT ACTS TO KEEP THE FOOT IN THE SADDLE AND GIVES ANCHORAGE WHILE ROPING.

## HATS



## BANDANA



THE COWBOY'S BANDANA GENERALLY RAN TO RED IN COLOR AND HAD MANY USES- TOWEL, BRONC BLIND, SLING, TOURNIQUET, AND DUST PREVENTER TO NAME A FEW.

COWBOY HATS FROM EARLIEST DAYS HAVE GONE THROUGH MANY STYLES, HOWEVER IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FELT HAT WITH A GOOD BRIM. MANY WADDIES THREADED A PIECE OF RAWHIDE THROUGH SLOTS CUT IN THE OUTER RIM TO STIFFEN THE BRIM.

## COWBOY WITH CHINKS

CHINKS ARE GENERALLY MADE OF BUCKSKIN AND WERE WORN QUITE A BIT IN NEVADA AND SOME OF THE COAST RANGES. THE FRONTS WERE FASTENED WITH RAWHIDE THONGS TIED OR SNAPPED AROUND THE LEG. THEY WERE USED MOSTLY FOR LIGHT BRUSH AND DURING HOT WEATHER ON THE OLD FRONTIERS.

# THE SONS OF



**BOB  
NOLAN**

SEXTET'S LEADER,  
WAS BROUGHT  
UP IN TUCSON,  
ARIZONA.

**LLOYD**

**PERRYMAN**

FROM ZION, ARKANSAS,  
SAW HIS FIRST TRAIN  
AT THE AGE OF 12!

**TIM  
SPENCER**

CHAMPION WESTERN  
SONG WRITER IS  
FROM OKLAHOMA

**HUGH**

**FARR**

BROTHER TO CARL,  
IS FROM TEXAS.

**PAT**

**BRADY**

BOTH PARENTS WERE  
TROUPEERS, AND PAT  
MADE HIS DEBUT AT  
AGE OF 6!

**CARL**

**FARR**

WON TITLE AS BEST  
GUITARIST ON WEST  
COAST.

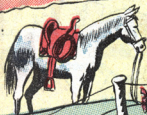
MARIO  
DEMARCO



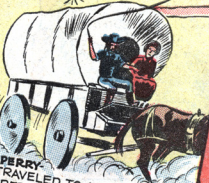
# THE PIONEERS!



**BOB NOLAN** IS THE ATHLETE OF THE CROWD. HAS BEEN STATE CHAMP POLE VAULTER OF ARIZONA FOR 15 YEARS!



**TIM SPENCER** FOUNDER OF THE GROUP SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE ON RANCHES IN N. MEXICO AND OKLAHOMA



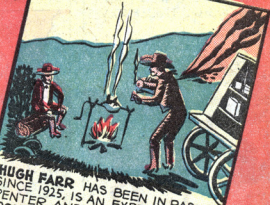
**LLOYD PERRYMAN** TRAVELED TO ARKANSAS IN A COVERED WAGON, AT THE AGE OF 3!



**KARL FARR** OWNS A MEDAL FOR STICKING TO HIS RADIO JOB DURING THE 1933 EARTHQUAKE WHEN MOST OF THE STATION WAS DEMOLISHED!



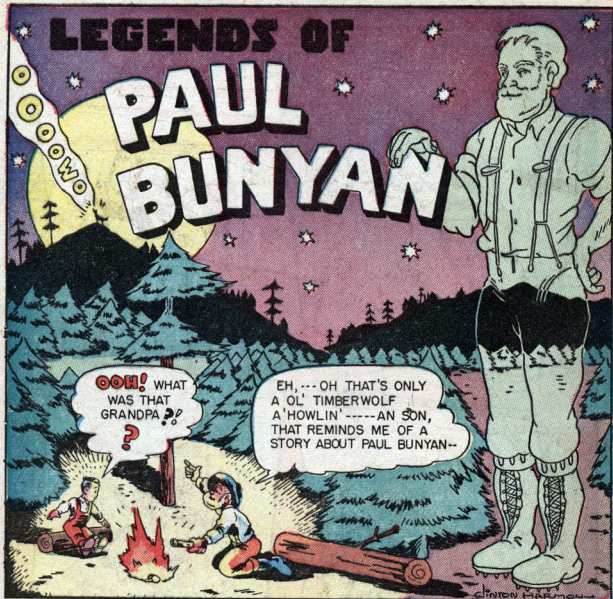
**PAT BRADY** WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST, HE HOPES TO RE-TIRE AND RAISE HORSES ON HIS CALIFORNIA RANCH.



**HUGH FARR** HAS BEEN IN RADIO SINCE 1925, IS AN EXPERT CARPENTER, AND ONE OF THE BEST COOKS TO RIDE A CHUCK WAGON.

# LEGENDS OF

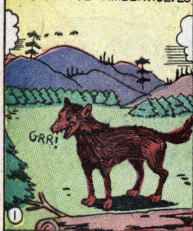
# PAUL BUNYAN



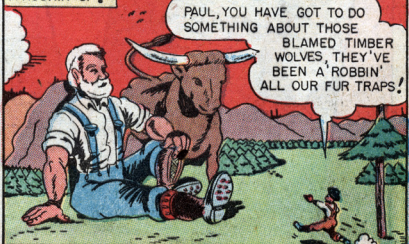
OOH! WHAT  
WAS THAT  
GRANDPA??  
?

EH, --- OH THAT'S ONLY  
A OL' TIMBERWOLF  
A 'HOWLIN' -----AN SON,  
THAT REMINDS ME OF A  
STORY ABOUT PAUL BUNYAN--

YESSIR, --- AT ONE TIME TH'  
WHOLE NORTH WOODS  
WERE FULL O' MEAN AN'  
VICIOUS OL' TIMBERWOLVES

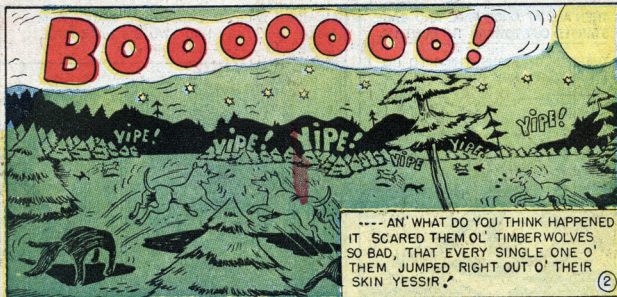
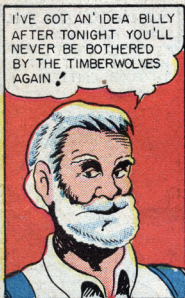
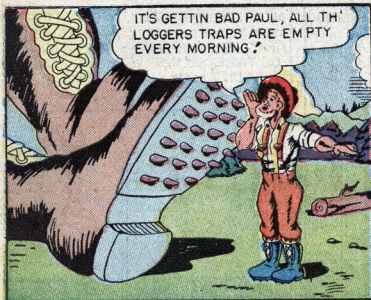


AN' ONE DAY WHEN OL' PAUL WAS LEANIN' BACK ON A  
MOUNTAIN JUST A'TAKIN' IT EASY, BILLY PILGRIM CAME  
A'RUSHIN' UP!



PAUL, YOU HAVE GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE  
BLAMED TIMBER  
WOLVES, THEY'VE  
BEEN A'ROBBIN'  
ALL OUR FUR TRAPS!



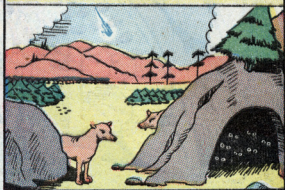


---AN' TH' NEXT  
DAY

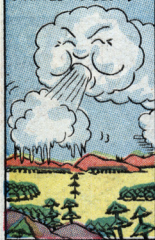
WAL, PAUL WE GATHERED  
UP ALL TH' WOLVES  
HIDES TO MAKE UP FOR  
WHAT THEY STOLE!



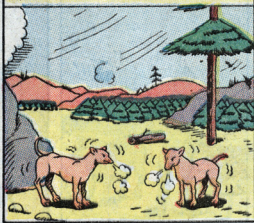
AN' SURE ENOUGH, PAUL WAS RIGHT----  
THEY NEVER BOTHERED TH' TRAPS AFTER  
THAT---BECAUSE BESIDES BEIN' MEAN TH'  
OL' TIMBERWOLVES WERE PROUD AN'  
WOULDN'T COME OUT, THEY HID IN  
CAVES AN' BEHIND ROCKS!



---BUT, THEN TH' COLD  
OL' NORTH WIND  
STARTED TO BLOW!



AN' THAT WAS WHEN TH' WOLVES  
MISSED THEIR COATS MOST ----  
THEY JUST STOOD AN' SHIVERED  
FROM TH' COLD WIND!



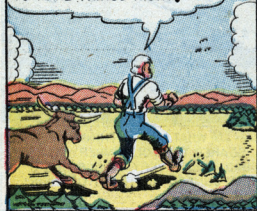
THAT MADE OL' PAUL FEEL  
SORRY FOR THEM!

HMM--- I CAN'T LET  
TH' POOR, CRITTERS  
FREEZE!



THEN ALL AT ONCE PAUL AND BABE  
STARTED OUT TOWARD TH' SOUTH ----

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO  
TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT!



AN' WHEN PAUL AN' BABE CAME BACK FROM  
THEIR TRIP, THEY HAD TWO BIG BAGS FULL O'  
SOMETHIN' .....

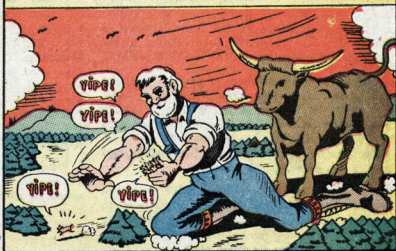




THEN OL' PAUL MIXED UP A BIG BATCH OF GLUE, USIN' TH' SAP FROM A THOUSAND PINE TREES!-----



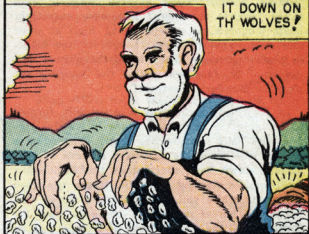
----AN HE CAUGHT EVERY SINGLE ONE O' THEM HIDELESS TIMBERWOLVES!-----



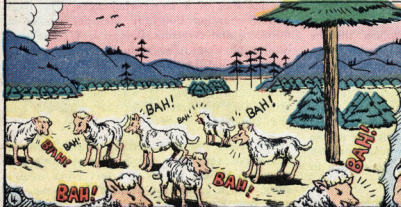
AN' THEN PAUL PAINTED THEM WITH TH' GLUE, USIN' THE ONLY THING HE COULD FIND FOR A BRUSH --- BABE'S TAIL!



THEN PAUL OPENED THE BIG BAGS --- AN' WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS IN THEM --- IT WAS WOOL YESSIR --- AN' OL PAUL SPRINKLED IT DOWN ON TH' WOLVES!



AN' IN NO TIME A'TALL ALL O' THEM WOLVES HAD A NICE NEW WARM COAT ---- BUT THEY DIDN'T LIKE UM' --- IN FACT THEY WERE SO DISGUSTED WITH THE WAY THEY LOOKED, THAT THE ONLY SOUND THEY WOULD MAKE WAS "BAH"!



AN' SON, SOME FOLKS SAY THAT IS WHAT STARTED PEOPLE SAYIN' "A WOLF IN SHEEPS CLOTHING"!

GEE-MIN-NEE!



THE END

# COVERED WAGON DAYS

The trail to Sante Fe led from Missouri a thousand miles across the Great Plains to the Spanish settlements across the Rocky Mountains.

The plains were distances of desolate and barren wastes, mysterious, solitary and unexplored, but swept by masses of living things; shaggy bison, antelope and other game, which appeared and disappeared. Too, the plains were subject to violent storms, cruel frosts and fierce gales, tornadoes and drenching cloudbursts.

The loneliness and emptiness of the plains oppressed both men and women, sometimes to the verge of hysteria. Many became physically ill. Even Coronado's hard-boiled Spanish troopers were terror-stricken by these plains.

In those days, travellers spoke constantly of "making port" and begged Congress to inaugurate navigation laws for what they called the "prairie ocean." Their covered wagons were called "prairie schooners" and were watertight boats mounted on wheels, rising high at prow and stern. The travellers thought of the plains in seafaring terms. They loved the glamor and magic of the sea and called the jumping off place in Missouri, Westport!

In Westport, a company was actually formed to navigate the uncharted plains in wagons rigged with sails and steering gear. Then came a day in 1853 when the surprized citizens of that frontier town were startled at the sight of a light vehicle steering down the street the wind filling its white sail. Women and children fled for safety, horses reared and ran, dogs made for cover and all the male citizens of Westport gazed with awe and open mouths as the strange vehicle came sailing in.

The pilot lowered the sail, locked his brakes, and rolled to a stop before the Yoakum Tavern. While he was disembarking, the amazed citizens gathered to inspect this strange craft and questioned its skipper.

He told them his name was Thomas, that he hailed from the East, and that his entire cargo consisted of a compass, a water butt and a carpet bag. He looked like a sea-faring man and they imagined he was tattooed under his leather monkey jacket. They asked him numerous questions but Thomas told very little of himself. He announced that he came as the Navigator of the Prairies, and inquired how many would join with him in forming this new company to engage in the Santa Fe trade!

In Yoakum's Tavern, the leading citizens took

a drink or two with him while he explained his plan. Mr. Thomas proposed to build, with their backing a large fleet of prairie clippers to carry the cargo back and forth to the Spaniards. He explained that the advantages of wind power were overwhelming. It meant speed, economy, freedom from buying and feeding draft animals plus the glory of sailing on the high prairies by compass.

Westport was the ideal spot as it was the out-fitting place for all travellers going West; it would be a simple matter to have wagons built there. Indians would be frightened of the strange craft and there would always be a wind to power the craft.

The citizens of Westport were not to be taken in by a clever Yankee. So they quickly dubbed Thomas the "Windwagon," laughed at his idea of a dry land navy, and allowed none of their money to leave their pockets.

Thomas was not too downcast at their ridicule. "I'll l'arn ye," said he "I'll sail to Council Grove and back. Then maybe you'll see things my way."

He embarked on his wagon, undaunted, hoisted sail and leaving the bewildered citizens of Westport, he lashed out upon the open prairie, his course lay to the setting sun. It was 150 miles to Council Grove. No one believed he could make it and they laughed at his folly. That was the last of "Windwagon Thomas" thought they.

Nine days had elapsed when wonder of wonders, into port again came sailing Windwagon Thomas bringing with him a letter from a man who managed the blacksmith shop at the Grove. He cast anchor once more before Yoakum's door, walked into the tavern and started talking turkey to the men of Westport.

The men were so convinced that all those who laughed at him before chipped in and financed the building of a super-windwagon. The Overland Navigation Company included among its members and directors Doctor J. W. Parker, a leading physician; Benjamin Newson, the Indian agent; J. J. Mastin, a young lawyer; Henry Sager; Thomas W. Arams, and the inventor, Windwagon himself. It was under his supervision, that the first ship of the plains was built and launched.

The result was an enormous wagon, constructed after the style of a Conestoga prairie schooner. It was twenty-five feet from stem to stern, had a seven-foot beam and was mounted upon four huge wheels, each twelve feet in dia-



meter, with hubs as big as barrels. The sides of the wagon-box, or cabin rose to the tops of the wheels and above that was the deck. The Craft was rigged like a catboat, with a mast stepped well forward, and carried only a mainsail.

Correct specifications for the steering-gear were lacking but it is certain that the craft was intended to move backwards; that is, the tail-gate was the prow of the ship, and the tongue was brought up and over the stern to serve as tiller. After the vessel was completed, the directors gathered in Yoakum's bar and toasted the craft, then adjourning to witness the inventor's demonstration.

Two huge oxen hauled the contrivance out upon the open prairie, the directors of the Company, with one exception, climbed aboard. Doctor Parker preferred watching the maiden voyage from the hurricane deck of his saddle mule.

Windwagon Thomas, very proud of his importance, took his place on deck, hoisted the mainsail and grasped the helm. The wagon creaked into motion. A strong wind caught the sail and away it went, rolling high over all obstacles, scooting over hill and dale. The passengers were at first amazed, then delighted, and at last frightened at the speed of their craft.

Doctor Parker, who had filled his saddle bag with necessities for all accidents, whipped his mule into action, and lumbered after them. The windwagon made the wagons drawn by oxen seem like snails.

The passengers shut up in the cabin were frightened, they never dreamed there could be anything faster than a horse and buggy. They were too scared to abandon ship and begged the pilot to shorten sail.

But Windwagon Thomas was riding the waves and paid no heed to their demands, steering before the gale. Instead of obeying the directors he began to show his seamanship and yelled down to his helpless partners, "Watch me run her against the wind." He put the helm over and the heavy craft name round grandly.

Suddenly, something went wrong. The wind caught her and in spite of all Windwagon could

do, the craft went into reverse. The steering gear locked, and the craft went sailing 'round in circles. Dr. Parker and his mule narrowly escaped death. The other passengers frightened to death decided to jump out despite the risk, as they were very high above ground. However, they decided to chance it, rather than stay in that idiotic vehicle with its bewildered lug of a sea-captain. One by one they dropped to the ground; fortunately all were safe other than a few bruises and a little shake-up. Nevertheless Windwagon stayed on, determined to go down in the fame of Westport. He remained on the craft and undaunted left Westport, sailing away to shoot buffalo from the after-deck and harpoon redskins while on their cruising ponies.

And so, Windwagon disappeared and the last anyone heard of him, was when some Indians found him dead in a valley, where no wind came to fill his sail. They buried his remains and hung his hair on a pony's bridle.

Later men scuttled fearfully across the prairies to the forests of Oregon and the valleys of California.

Even when those plains were settled, women were frightened of that lonesome, wind-bitten land, many women went crazy on those plains.

But not the men—they flourished; they were hard fighting warriors and wanderers and explorers. They loved those plains—it was Utopia to them. A place where they could fight impromptu battles and ride away to fight again some other day.

So Windwagon opened a path through the wind-swept plains, the plains of violence.

We give thanks to those hardy pioneers who developed that wilderness. Not since the days of the Vikings have our pioneer fathers founded such delightful country. We salute Windwagon Thomas for, perhaps, without his courage, tenacity and the Wagon we would not have the forests of Oregon or the beautiful valleys of California so accessible today.

*Dona Davis*

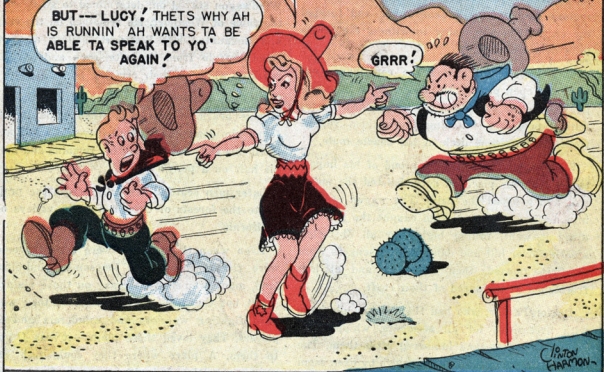
# TUMBLEWEED



**TUMBLEWEED! WHY DO YO'  
ALWAYS RUN FROM EVERYBODY?  
STOP AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!  
OR NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!**

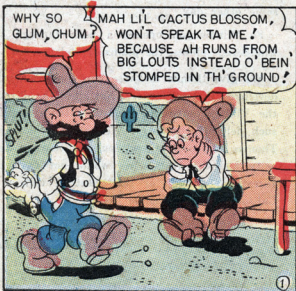
**BUT--- LUCY! THETS WHY AH  
IS RUNNIN' AH WANTS TA BE  
ABLE TA SPEAK TO YO'  
AGAIN!**

**GRRR!**

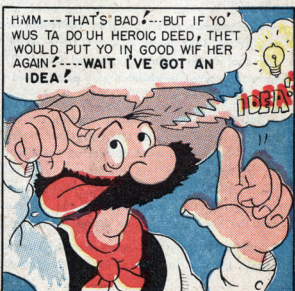


**WHY SO  
GLUM, CHUM?**

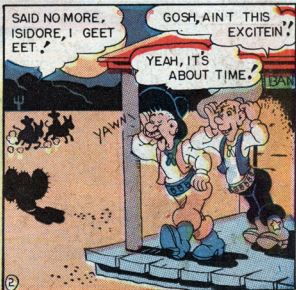
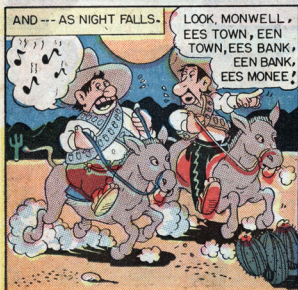
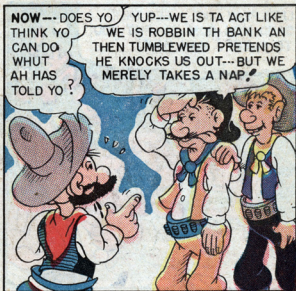
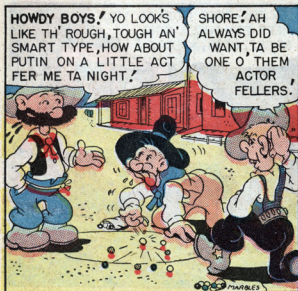
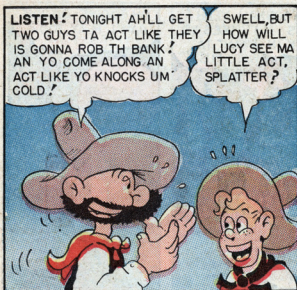
**MAH LI'L CACTUS BLOSSOM,  
WON'T SPEAK TA ME!  
BECAUSE AH RUNS FROM  
BIG LOUTS INSTEAD O' BEIN'  
STOMPED IN TH' GROUND!**



**HMM--- THAT'S BAD!---BUT IF YO'  
WUS TA DO UH HEROIG DEED, THAT  
WOULD PUT YO IN GOOD WIF HER  
AGAIN!---WAIT I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA!**

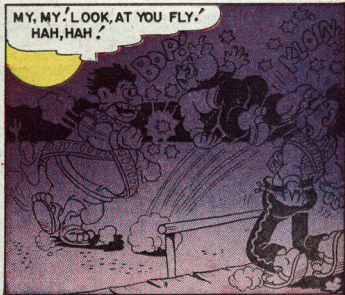
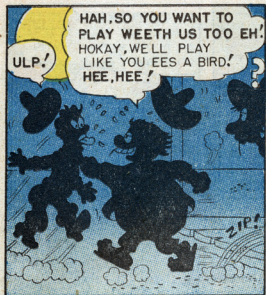




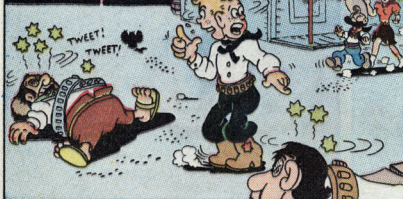




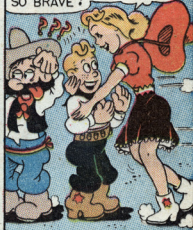




NOW YOU GUYS BE QUIET, HYAR,  
THEY COME!

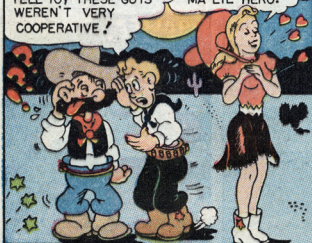


OH TUMBLEWEED! YO IS  
A REAL HE-MAN AFTERALL,  
AH DIDNT KNOW YO. WUS  
SO BRAVE!



PSSST! SPLATTER, THAR'S  
SOMETHIN' AH WANTS TA  
TELL YO, THESE GUYS  
WEREN'T VERY  
COOPERATIVE!

OH, IT'S JUST TOO  
GOOD TA BE TRUE  
MA LIL HERO!



UH---THAR IS  
SOMETHIN'  
YO OUGHT TA  
KNOW TOO, THEM  
GUYS AIN'T TH ONES  
AH HIRED! --

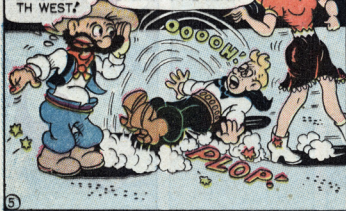
EEK, A MOUSE! CHASE IT  
AWAY MA HERO!

WOT?



THET IS MONWELL AND  
ISIDORE, TH'  
TOUGHEST AN  
MEANEST  
BANDITS IN  
TH WEST!

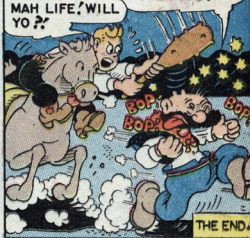
TUMBLEWEED TOM! YO  
COWARD!  
AFRAID OF A LIL  
MOUSE! NEVER  
SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!



LATER-

ENDANGER  
MAH LIFE! WILL  
YO ??

- BUT TUMBLEWEED,  
AH JUST TRIED TA  
HELP YO!----

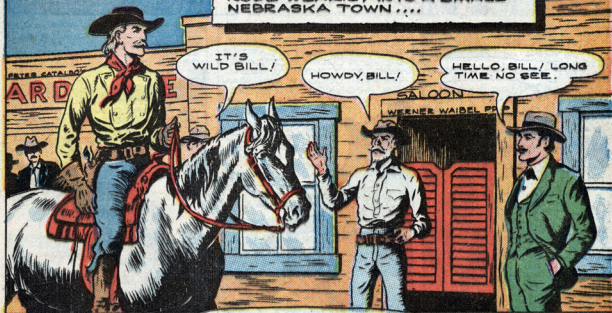


THE END



# THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF WILD BILL HICKOK

ONE DAY IN 1867, WILD BILL HICKOK  
RODE WEARILY INTO A SMALL  
NEBRASKA TOWN ....



IT'S  
WILD BILL!

HOWDY, BILL!

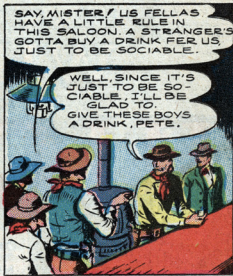
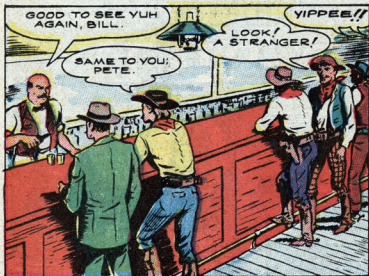
HELLO, BILL! LONG  
TIME NO SEE.

GLAD TO SEE YOU,  
GEORGE! AND I'M  
SURE GLAD TO  
BE HERE!

JUST CAME BACK FROM THE  
PEACE CONVENTION WITH THE  
INDIANS, GEORGE. WE VISITED  
MOST EVERY TRIBE. YOU CAN  
NAME. I'M READY FOR ANICE,  
PEACEFUL VACATION! COME  
ON INSIDE AND WET YOUR  
WHISTLE, OLD HOSS.

YESSIR, THE CON-  
VENTION, AND BEFORE  
THAT THE WAR. I'M  
SURE IN THE MOOD FOR  
SOME GOOD OLD-FASH-  
IONED PEACABLENESS.







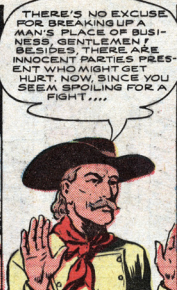


CUT HIM DOWN!

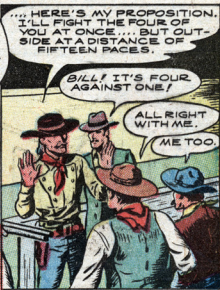
JUST A MINUTE,  
GENTLEMEN,  
HOLD IT!

YOU HEARD THE  
MAN--HOLD IT!

LET'S GIT  
HIM!



THERE'S NO EXCUSE  
FOR BREAKING UP A  
MAN'S PLACE OF BUSI-  
NESS, GENTLEMEN!  
BESIDES, THERE ARE  
INNOCENT PARTIES PRE-  
SENT WHO MIGHT GET  
HURT. NOW, SINCE YOU  
SEEM SPOILING FOR A  
FIGHT....

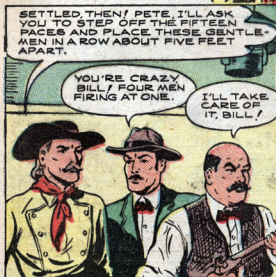


... HERE'S MY PROPOSITION.  
I'LL FIGHT THE FOUR OF  
YOU AT ONCE.... BUT OUT-  
SIDE AT A DISTANCE OF  
FIFTEEN PACES.

BILL! IT'S FOUR  
AGAINST ONE!

ALL RIGHT  
WITH ME.

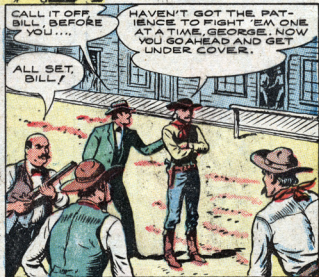
ME TOO.



SETTLED, THEN! PETE, I'LL ASK  
YOU TO STEP OFF THE FIFTEEN  
PACES AND PLACE THESE GENTLE-  
MEN IN A ROW ABOUT FIVE FEET  
APART.

YOU'RE CRAZY  
BILL! FOUR MEN  
FIRING AT ONE.

I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
IT, BILL!



CALL IT OFF,  
BILL, BEFORE  
YOU....

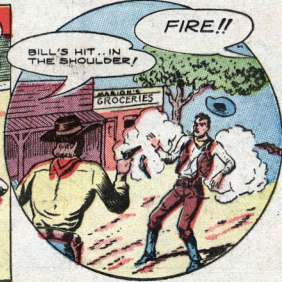
ALL SET,  
BILL!

HAVEN'T GOT THE PATI-  
ENCE TO FIGHT 'EM ONE  
AT A TIME, GEORGE. NOW  
YOU GO AHEAD AND GET  
UNDER COVER.



RIGHT!  
ONE... TWO...  
THREE...

JUST COUNT THREE  
AND YELL FIRE, PETE.



FIRE!!

BILL'S HIT... IN  
THE SHOULDER!

BUT WILD BILL CALMLY FACES THE WHINING LEAD AND TRANSFERS HIS SIX-GUN TO HIS LEFT HAND.







## BILLY THE KID

BILLY THE KID TODAY LIES BURIED IN A MODEST GRAVE AT FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO, NEAR THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS KILLED BY SHERIFF PAT GARRETT IN 1881. BORN WILLIAM BONNEY IN NEW YORK, BILLY WAS THE LEADING GUNMAN OF THE LINCOLN COUNTY COWBOY WARS AND WAS ONLY TWENTY-ONE WHEN HE DIED, KILLER OF 21 MEN. ALTHOUGH THE KID HAS BEEN ROMANTICIZED AS A HERO, FACT TODAY REVEALS HIM AS A NARROW-CHESTED, STUPID, TRIGGER-HAPPY LOUT.

SHERMAN

**Reducing Specialist Says:**



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

**LOSE WEIGHT**

where it shows most

**REDUCE**

most any part of the body with

**SPOT REDUCER**

**DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST.** Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

**HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS.** The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

**HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!**

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL**

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. CW-1  
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City  State

**FREE**

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."



# COWBOY WESTERN

20

JAN. 1949

COVER - BATTEFIELD° +

IFC - WILD BILL ELLIOTT

MARIO DE MARCO\* 1

JESSE JAMES

BATTEFIELD 4

DM & BB - How to be a Wit

HARMON\* 6

ANNIE OAKLEY

JOE ORLANDO° 4

COWBOY CLOTHES

SHERMAN 1

THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

MARIO DE MARCO\* 2

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN

HARMON\* 4

COVERED WAGON DAYS

TEXT 2

TUMBLEWEED TOM

HARMON\* 5

WILD BILL HICKOK

ALISON 4

BILLY THE KID

SHERMAN\* 1